

From The Day I Was Shamed

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Summary: After being branded a heretic. The real torture began. Oneshot maybe.

From The Day I Was Shamed

_The day I was shamed, was the day I lost everything. My honor, my name, my rank, and my family. I was a veteran, Supreme Camander of a large fleet. I knew my way around a battle field, how to escape a capture, how to take down human fleets of thousands, and how to swiftly kill with my energy blade, faster then a human eye could blink. And yet I am here. Chest burning with searing white hot pain, from the mark branded upon me for my mistake. For the Demons destructive act that ruined my life. _

_First came the branding, now came the real torture. A Brute chieftain known as Tartarus. A favoured beast, who thrived on torturing anyone from the Sangheili race. And oddly the Prophets seemed to take amusment to this. Leaving us Sangheili to wonder if the Prophets had taken a secret oath to these brainless beasts.

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"That was quite the scream that left you, sounding like a human female." An evil, sinister, chuckle escaped a glowing albino brute."My screams would be nothing compared to the ones that would come from you! If something was burning into your disgusting, furry, chest for several minutes!" I spat back at the beast. Which was probably not one of my most intelligent moves. "Still have the strength to tuant?" He smirked. "Ha, we shall see after I am done with you." He scoffed, an evil smirk grazing along that ugly, hairy, face. "We shall see indeed." I challenged, with a bitter growl in my voice. I followed the hairy barbarian into a torture chamber, inside two brutes guarded the inside. across on the other side of the room was where I was bonded too more restraints, unable to move, so my torturer may beat me at will.

The white, hairy brute opened with a hard sucker punch to my freshly burnt chest. It stung, knocking the breath right out of me. He snorted with pleasure. "Is that... all you have!?" I struggled to find my breath. He laughed, kicking me in the same area but with greater force. After the fifth blow, my eyes screwed tightly shut from the pain. Everything stopped for a few moments, as I panted. Then the evil laughter started again. "I will make sure your hunger for punishment is satisfied with my work heretic!" I opened my eyes to see the Cheiftain holding his gigantic war hammer. He couldn't be serious? Was he really going to strike me with that, without killing me? Tartarus raised his weapon, I flinched, and he snickered. I was about to find out!

The first mighty blow, sent my vision twirling in an endless spin around the room. My torturer jeered in his native tongue, as he landed another titan blow to my battered, defenseless, form. My vision blurred to a midnight blue, but I was still conscious. My body throbbed with so much pain, I was almost completely numb. I wriggled to investigate my pain. My chest was the most pained part. My ribcage had been shattered by the barbarian weapon, making it incredibly difficult to breathe, through the blood I coughed. That evil laughter echoing in the chamber. This is when I knew my torture was soon to end in the next blow. Sending me into a disgraceful death. "I hope you enjoy, joining the rest of your bloody race in hell!" Tartarus had the nerve to curse me, and my entire race. "I am already living in hell... Just by being in the same room with such a... disgusting... barbarian... such as you and the rest of your mongrels!" I choked through my own blood. The guards growled. Tartarus snarled, raising his hammer high into the air, as I could imagine, he did so from the wind he produced while raising the such weapon. "Tartarus!" A familiar voice came into the room. "Yes holy one?" The albino quickly stopped his action, falling to his knees. "Do not kill this heretic." The hum of the Prophets throne came. "Noble Prophet you said..." Tartarus seemed disappointed. "I have something special in mind." The voice of the prophet of Truth, spoke in sinister matter, almost identical to the brutes. "Yes holy one." Tartarus replied, with no argument. The drone of the floating throne left the chamber with a hum. "Looks as if your bloody fate, will be postponed heretic." Tartarus gave a disappointed growl. In my mind I was thankful, although I do not know why? I have shamed myself and my family. I know longer had a name, a rank, a purpose. All I should hope to pray for, is death. That would be my only last honorable trait. Though I strongly felt like I was already dead. It was odd, the Prophets never stopped an execution. Especially to execute someone who lost one of the sacred artifacts. In my case I lost the biggest holy object in our entire religion. "But that does not mean I don't get too finish!" I had no warning as I was knocked out cold, not knowing whether I was dead or just unconscious, or where I was going to end up next.

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><p>The ending is not great but this is oneshot unless you would like me to continue on. Leave a review if you want this to continue. But thank you for reading. :)

End
file.